

## WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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[NUMBER XI.]

*Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.*

ALBERTUS;  
OR, THE INGRATE.

THOUGH fear has been denominated an acquired passion, yet, that it is the companion of *guilt*, is generally allowed; "else, why that secret dread—that inward horror," which invariably haunts the wicked mind?

Albertus had been separated from his connexions, upwards of nine years. During that period, he had travelled over the greater part of Europe, sometimes almost destitute of the means of existence, and, at others, basking under the sunshine of the most genial skies. Prosperity, however, for the last two years of his existence, had shed an undeviating light over his head:—his plans had succeeded beyond his most sanguinary expectations, and, at this part of his history, he was returning to the bosom of his family, a man of wealth, if not of worth. Albertus had been brought up under the watchful eye of a maternal uncle, who had never entered into the marriage state, and who had openly professed his intention of leaving the whole of his possessions to this youth. Affection had so completely obscured the eyes of Fernando, (which was the uncle's name) that he was blind to those glaring vices which every other person too clearly perceived; but, at length, they became so conspicuous, that incredulity itself would have been compelled to believe.

In addition to those vices to which the

young are most addicted, Albertus possessed those of riper years, for though a gamester, he was avaricious; though a spendthrift, penurious; although it appears a contradiction of terms. It was an eager thirst of money, (that root of all evil) which inspired the love of gaming; and, though he set no bounds to those expences which procured self-gratification, he would not have parted with a guinea to preserve the existence of a friend; for friends he had, in spite of the despicable traits of character, so consummate was his hypocrisy, and so insinuating his address. His person was embellished with all those advantages which a good education gives to a fine form. With the fair sex he was a universal favourite, for flattery and adulation flowed from his tongue.

Such was the young man who forms the subject of this story:—he had nearly completed his twentieth year, when the worthy Fernando was found dead in his bed:—suspicion glanced at, but dared not utter her surmises; and the young heir quitted England soon after the melancholy event occurred. Previous to his departure, the greatest part of his deceased uncle's landed property was converted into cash, and he set out upon his tour with all the splendour usually attached to a man of rank. His riches, however, soon took wing, and in less than two years he was reduced to the lowest state of distress; he contrived, however, to introduce himself to a set of sharpers, and preyed upon others, as he had been preyed upon. Their nefarious practices were at length detected, and he was compelled to fly from Paris; he contrived, however, to obtain letters of recommend-

ation to some families of distinction at Naples, where he resided several years. Over his conduct in that city, it would be charitable to draw a curtain, yet truth compels us to declare he there practised every vice which can degrade human nature, and make her appear in a despicable light. At Naples, however, he had acquired so affluent a fortune, that he resolved to revisit his native land, and, though several years had elapsed without his writing to his family, he at length informed them it was his intention to return.

Albertus returned to England with more pomp and splendour than he had quitted it. An *avant-coureur* announced his approach; but within a mile of his father's residence, the superb equipage was overturned. As the moon shone with peculiar lustre, and Albertus had not received any injury from the accident, he desired his valet to remain with the carriage, as it contained valuables to a large amount, informing him he would walk across the fields, and send some ropes to the postillion, by the aid of which the shattered equipage might be dragged to a neighbouring town.

No glow of filial transport animated the apathetic breast of Albertus, as he retraced the haunts of his youth, yet his heart beat high with exultation at the idea of the envy he should excite when he pompously displayed those emblems of ill-got treasures to his less aspiring, but far more happy friends. He had not proceeded the distance of half a mile, when the bright orb which had conducted him, suddenly became obscured—the wind arose—the loud shriek of the screech-

owl appalled him—and he stood transfixed with fear!—A darkness, almost unprecedented, overspread the horizon—in vain he endeavoured to discern the conducting village spire—the surrounding objects were veiled in obscurity, and he groped along not knowing what path he pursued. Reflection, in such a situation, must have proved madness; yet in vain did he try to dissipate his fears, by endeavouring to form a ludicrous story from his night's adventure, with which he intended to entertain his friends. Scarcely had this idea struck him, when the solemn death-knell smote his ear. "Great God!" he cried, "this is too much—too much for human fortitude to bear! That sound; that chilling sound, reminds me of my departed uncle; and though nine years have elapsed since I heard its warning voice, yet it recalls to my imagination, a scene which in vain I have endeavoured to forget."

The bell which had excited such a train of gloomy reflections, however, acted as a conductor to the benighted man, and he soon reached the place of his nativity; but, alas! in what a dejected, in what a horror struck frame of mind! The father of Albertus had by industry and application, during his son's absence, greatly increased his store of wealth, and had repurchased the estate of his departed brother, and removed into the house. Of this circumstance, Albertus was wholly ignorant. He therefore directed his steps to his former abode, when he was made acquainted with his removal by a servant; who, perceiving he was a total stranger, civilly offered to conduct him to the house. The clouds soon began to pour torrents of water, and the night was so completely dark, that though his conductor carried a small lantern before him, he did not pay attention to the path until the well-remember'd gate of the avenue struck him, and he loudly called to the man, desiring him not to go that road. "Why, this is the right road to the 'squire's house, sir," said the astonished servant;—"he lives now in that which

his poor brother used to do; although his son sold it, and is spending the money in foreign parts."

To this piece of intelligence, Albertus did not make any answer, for he dreaded lest his companion should make further remarks, and that silent monitor within spoke sufficiently loud to his feelings, to subdue all the boasted courage he had acquired. Lights were soon perceived in every part of the mansion, for the *avant-courier* had arrived about an hour, and the anxious father was busily occupied in making preparations for his long-absent son. As neither the rattling of carriage-wheels, or the clattering feet of horses announced the traveller's approach he rapped twice at the door before it was opened;—but the delighted father instantly recognised his voice, and rushing into his arms, had only power to articulate, "Oh, my son! my dear, dear son!" when, overwhelmed by the powerful emotions of nature, he dropped down in a fainting fit.

The confusion which this alarming incident excited, prevented the attendants from observing the agitated state of Albertus's nerves; who, upon entering the house where his infancy had been fostered, felt his spirits depressed by a thousand intruding ideas; and severely did he condemn his own folly in revisiting a spot which called such sensations forth. A few minutes, however, restored the worthy Albert to recollection. Fondly did he gaze on the improved person of his son; who, to the former beauty of youth, added the gracefulness of manhood, and it must be allowed that a more perfect form never was beheld. In vain did Albertus endeavour to disguise his internal feelings, parental solicitude easily discovered his struggles to appear calm; when, with well-feigned hypocrisy, he artfully attributed his agitation to the terror which had been excited by seeing his father fall. Supper was soon prepared—the choicest liquors opened. In compliance with his father's intreaties, Al-

bertus forced his appetite; though every mouthful he attempted to swallow, seemed almost ready to choke him, and actually demanded the aid of a glass of wine.

(*To be Continued.*)

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Extracts from the  
"MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

(Continued from Page 307.)

Peevishly pulling up a window curtain, two pulleys refusing to move, and three of the lines being twisted.

Seeing a little rascally bright-eyed mouse enter your chamber, which you have cursed through many a sleepless night, making sure of him, giving him a nervous *chase* all round the room, in very hot weather, he nimbly eluding every stroke of the poker, and after having fidgetted yourself into a high perspiration, seeing him take *French leave* through a tiny, unobserved cranny.

Asked to meet a great wit, and placed at a distance from him at table.

A great and distinguished character at table, asking you a plain simple question upon a subject, which you have written upon, struck stupid by a nervous awe and horror.

The miseries of a player, who is orator, being called upon for an apology for having kept the audience waiting.

A keen sportsman attending his second wife to the grave, and seeing the melancholy procession spring a brace of partridges, as it enters the church yard.

Trying to pass a man who waddles.

At an inn, going into a bed too short, with a wooden leg, which you were too fatigued to unstrap, drawing up the living one, going to sleep with the other sticking

out at the bottom, which, when the chamber maid comes in for the candle, she conceives to be the handle of the warming pan, which she has carelessly left in the bed, from which she pulls you half way, in a transport of agony, before she is convinced of her mistake.

Saying a good thing without its hitting.

Awakened out of your first sleep, nearly suffocated by the stench of a candle just expired in the socket.

Hearing of the marriage of your rival.

A person of delicate health, to avoid damp feet, takes a boat, and after reflecting how nicely he shall escape a cold discovers that he has been sitting some time in a small leak.

Being annoyed by the venders of bills of the play, in going to the theatre, having a party of fine ladies to attend to.

Being stopped in a street, by some brewers lowering a barrel into a cellar, and thrown down by dirty ropes, in endeavouring to pass it.

Having relieved a distressed object, seeing him *wink* to a brother vagabond.

A great fop, who was afraid of spoiling his shape by putting any thing in his pockets, in taking off his hat to salute a lady, in a crowded street, throwing out his knife, comb, tooth-pick, &c. &c. forgetting that he had placed them in the crown of it.

Theatrical misery.—A tall fat man, in dressing for Romeo, stuffing himself into a pair of tight small-clothes, made for a short thin person, and obliged to conceal the shortness of the waistband, by wearing an old fashioned waistcoat, with long flaps falling down almost to the knees.

Trying to see a pimple on your shoulder, until your head grows giddily.

Knocking at the door of a house for

half an hour, and then being told by a neighbour that the house has been empty for the last two months.

Raising a knocker freshly painted.

Riding to visit a friend at a considerable distance, whom you find set off at the same hour, by a different rout, to call upon you.

A short thick man waltzing with a very fat tall woman.

In a strange house, drawing the curtains in a morning, and at one pull bringing the cornice upon your head.

Riding in a long coach very full, and being frequently tormented by having some small parcels taken out of the seat.

Moving, to get rid of a tallow chandler, and the tallow-chandler immediately after taking a house opposite to you, upon a *long lease*.

A vain woman discovering the first blush of a large pimple upon her nose.

Tormented for a week with a severe tooth ache, going to a dentist, who draws a sound tooth next to the decayed one.

A false tooth dropping out at a card table.

In gently elevating the candlestick to raise the expiring candle by a sudden jerk throwing the whole in a fluid state upon the sleeve of your coat.

Singeing your hair with your curling irons—ditto your fingers.

A man writing letters to his wife and mistress, and misdirecting them.

Being nervous, and cross examined by Mr. Garrow.

Discovering in a large party your name at full length in chemical durable ink, upon the corner of your neckcloth.

Hurrying to a party, and finding you have tied your neckcloth too tight.

Being obliged to shave with cold water in the month of January.

Your memory failing in the middle of a song, which after two or three abortive attempts to get on with, you are obliged to acknowledge is impossible.

Being requested to read a novel, to a party of ladies, of the style of which the following extract will serve as a specimen.

"Touched by that *indefeasible* and durable impulse by which good and great minds are *gravitated* towards each other, the Marchioness of V. and the Chevalier U. arose just at the same moment, when the high poised songster, with his downy plumage, was *winnowing the faly aether*, and whilst the hazy down still mantled the mountainous heights.—At that hour *fermentive fancy anticipates an endless plentitude* of rapture. The roseate blushes of the Marchioness *kindled* the dew-bathed aromatic vegetation into *lustrous animation*," &c. &c.

Losing your voice by a cold, being fond of disputation, and hearing an argument at table, in which you think you could take a shining part, whispering loudly, squeaking and sputtering, without being intelligible.

An amateur of executions, attending from a very early hour to contemplate his *favourite diversion*, the victim of which was to be some distinguished malefactor, and finding that the miserable wretch is reprieved as he mounts the scaffold.

Being fond of summer cabbage, chopping it up with great care, and mixing in due proportions, vinegar, pepper, and melted butter, eating a great portion thereof, and then discovering in the remnant three or four large green caterpillars.

Upon being introduced for the first time, in a large party, catching your toe in the carpet at the door, and consequently bolting into the room, as if you were intoxicated.

(To be Continued.)

Selected for the *Lady's Miscellany*.

REMARKS UPON *NOTHING*.

MR. EDITOR,

IN spite of the wit with which the eyes of your fair readers generally inspire us, we cannot deny, that upon some occasions, we are afflicted with such a degree of mental sterility, as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all, smart, or entertaining. What must we say under such circumstances? *Nothing*, reply your fair readers. That is precisely what we have now resolved to do. But you will say, *NOTHING* is a very insignificant subject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *NOTHING* is at present every thing. May not the greatest part of the romances which consume so much paper, and stuff the shelves of so many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *NOTHING*? Are they not sold, or at least are they not read, for *NOTHING*? What is obtained from reading them? Literally, *NOTHING*. How many people are there now a days, who, though originally *NOTHING*, have, after being for a moment something, again relapsed into *NOTHING*? What is there, in most cases, in those pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours?—*NOTHING*. The young Olympe pleads for a divorce from the old Geroute, to whom she was married last year. What is it he has been doing during the last year of their marriage?—*NOTHING*. Can you conceive any thing more witty and spirited than Mr. Sheridan's comedies, or more dull and insipid, than the monstrous farces of Kotzebue?—*NOTHING*. Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate stock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miser, more light than the vows of a lover, more dull than the verses of Small P—? Still the answer is, *NOTHING*. You see then that *NOTHING* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what is every thing? But *NOTHING* has no

where so great an influence, as over the fair sex. They know how to please with *NOTHING*. With *NOTHING* they play off all their attractions. A *NOTHING* vexes, and consoles them; a *NOTHING* puts them out of humour, and the same *NOTHING* restores them to cheerfulness. A *NOTHING* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleasure and amusement. But I will not longer trespass on your patience with *NOTHING*, and therefore I shall here close my remarks on *NOTHING*.

A BACHELOR.

[*Lady's Lon. Museum*.]

A DESCANT ON BEAUTY.

I BELIEVE it is admitted, and indeed no person will deny, that Beauty is ever sure of attraction; nor do we at first discover the imperfections it hides, which is to be attributed to its great magnetic power, till the eye recovers from the trance it has occasioned: therefore it may be compared to a richly-coloured picture, which at first sight vanquishes, but upon discovering its faults, turn from it with disgust. Maria had just entered into her sixteenth year, when the loves played around her budding beauties, and sipped the honey from her virgin sweets; it was then that she became the talk and admiration of the opposite sex; some admired the symmetry of her shape, while others extolled the beauty and uniformity of her face; but the beauty of her mind was not once the subject of conversation, as that virtue (if she possessed it) was lost in the comet of her person.

Among the satellites that attended this terrestrial planet, was Eugenio, a youth of gallantry, and an accomplished master in the science of seduction: in possession of such qualifications, it may be easily imagined that the victory was not difficult to achieve. He would assume an air of simplicity in her presence, and tell his tale of love with that fervour, as to

prevail upon her to believe that his passion was not feigned, and that she had at last thrown in her arrow with effect; but her's was not steeped in poison—no, that was to come from Eugenio. He had felt the pulse of his patient, and, like a skilful doctor, administered accordingly. Heedless of her danger, and confident within herself that she was superior to the arts of man, and that she knew delusion in every form, while in the mean time the vows and caresses of her paramour, were deeply rooting in her unsuspecting bosom. The symptom of love, at last made its appearance; the disease was violent, the opportunity was arrived, and the victim was sure. The rising of the sun is frequently hailed as the promise of a beauteous day; but how often is it rendered otherwise, by the horizon being overcast! That sun which shone upon Maria's opening bloom, alas! was transient; the cloud of sorrow spread its veil over a face that was once cheerful and serene; for the serpent had envenomed the rose, and left it faded, and a disgusting weed.

Could vanity be but separated from beauty, then would the arts the arts of the seducer have no avail, for it is that alone that hurries her imperceptibly into ruin; it is that which makes her odious in the eyes of every person who admire the beauty of the mind more than of the person; but when combined together, and vanity no share, then is a woman one of the brightest ornaments of her country.

Surprising Instance  
OF A COMPREHENSIVE MEMORY.

M. LA MOTTE, author of many tragedies, comedies, and opera's, and a translation of Homer, in French heroic verse, was remarkable for a most retentive memory, of which the following story is a striking instance: A young author read a new tragedy to him, which he heard all through with seeming great pleasure.

He assured the writer that this piece was excellent, and that he would engage for its success. But, says he, you have been guilty of a little plagiarism. To prove this, I will repeat to you the second scene of the fourth act of your play. The young poet assured him he was mistaken, for he had not borrowed a line from any body.

La Motte said, that he asserted nothing which he could not prove, and immediately repeated the whole scene with as much animation as if he himself had been the author it. Those who were present looked at one another with astonishment, and knew not what to think. The author himself was more especially disconcerted. When La Motte had for some time enjoyed his embarrassment, he said, 'Gentlemen, recover yourselves from your surprise.'—Then addressing himself to the author, "The scene, sir, is certainly your own, as well as the rest of the play, but it appeared to me so beautiful, and so affecting, that I could not help getting it by heart, when you read it to me."

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SINGULAR, AND ASTONISHING  
WORKS OF ART.

It is recorded, that, in the twentieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scaliot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass; all which, together with a pipe-key to it, weighed but one grain of gold: he made also a chain of gold consisting of forty-three links, whereunto having fastened the lock and key, he put the chain round the neck of a flea, which drew them with great ease. All these together, lock and key, chain and flea, weighed but one grain and a half.

It is likewise reported of a wonderful artist, named Mermecides, that he made out of ivory, a chariot with four wheels, and four horses, in so small a compass, that a fly might cover them with her

wings. Also a ship, with all her tackling, rest, he wanted him; and that was all so small that a bee might hide it under her wings.

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To prove the coxcombish garulity of some of our modern juvenile traveller's, we are enabled to state the following fact.

A YOUNG man, some short time back, arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the traveller's room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some minutes, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order nearly as follows:—"Waiter!" the waiter replied, "Yes, sir."—"I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell, and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir."—"In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out.—Tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chamber maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets is well aired, a clean night cap, and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots, with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning.—Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort: desire your master to step in; I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."—The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord, and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and amongst the

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

MAD MARY.

HENRY is far, the evening star  
Already glimmers in the west,  
On airy car, I fly afar,  
Fond love can never rest.

O 'tis in vain, this throbbing brain  
All madly beating, burns with care,  
And zealous pain—see there again!  
Oh! save him, save him, from her snare!

True, she is fair, yet love beware,  
Nor trust that soft and beamy eye;  
Tho' bright her air, and golden hair,  
She ne'er can love, as well as I.

Soft gliding moon, 'tis now thy noon,  
O shine in radiant lustre, shine;  
Thy notes attune, O night bird, soon  
For Henry, Henry will be mine.

LÆTA.

For the *Lady's Miscellany*.

LINES,  
*Addressed to her whom they best describe.*

SOFT silken locks that darkly flow,  
Adown thy polish'd brow of snow,  
And shade a cheek, where roses lie,  
Glowing beneath that burning eye.  
O beamy gems, your magic art,  
Confess'd by many an aching heart,  
Shall gleam with more than beauty's sway  
Long after youth has fled away.  
Now, like the sun with rays as bright,  
Diffusing mental warmth and light,  
Then, soft as Cynthia's silver beam,  
Or forms that bless the poet's dream,  
Tho' milder than thy charms appear,  
And shine to warm a smaller sphere,  
(In lesser orbits, planets roll,)  
So thou shalt be light, life, and soul  
To him, whose destinies entwine,  
Whom partial fate has bound with thine.

LÆTA.

He who violates another's liberty,  
tyrant, and a slave at once.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO HENRY.

When shall I close this languid eye,  
And taste a lasting deep repose,  
To death's cold arms with rapture fly,  
And in oblivion steep my woes !

Why that eye with beauty beaming,  
Where the loves and graces play ;  
Why with liquid lustre gleaming ?  
O ! to steal my soul away.

Oft will memory's magic powers  
Renew its glance, where far, oh ! far,  
Viola counts the tedious hours,  
And gazes on eve's dewy star.

Thy vision'd form shall glow again,  
With more than mortal charms will rise,  
Shall skim athwart the shadowy plain,  
And fade in twilight's soften'd dyes.

Yet think not absence e'er can steal  
Thy lov'd idea from this heart,  
Not 'till each pulse forgets to feel,  
'Twill from thy cherish'd image part.

ASPASIA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON HEARING A LADY SING.

ONE summer's evening, as I pensive lay  
Upon the grass, loit'ring my time away,  
A soft and sweet harmonious voice I heard,  
Sweeter than that of any warbling bird :  
I look'd around, to see from whence it came,  
And as I look'd, I saw a lovely dame  
Approaching, solitarily along,  
And singing, to amuse herself, a song.  
On seeing me, she started back apace,  
Surprise was visible on her rosy face ;  
I told her not (since she appear'd to be,)  
To discompose herself because of me ;  
She gently curtsied—mildly to me said,  
"I've troubled your repose, sir, I'm afraid."  
No, my dear madam, you have not, said I,  
Then with becoming grace she pass'd me by.  
Of all the music that can charm the ear,  
That sounds the sweetest, most delightful, clear,  
'Tis that of Woman's,—other music's hoarse,  
Put in comparison with her sweet voice.

ALFENUS.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

From the *Troy Gazette*.

[It seems to be either not generally known, or not recollected, that Gen. Burgoyne (who will long be remembered in, and will certainly always remember, this vicinity) is one among the best of writers. This remark is not intended for the theatrical part of the world. But those, who have known him only in a situation odious to free men, may, when justice has triumphed, and indignation subsided, be pleased to view him as the gentleman and elegant scholar. The following, from his pen, has that perspicuity and conciseness in narration, that strength of description, and that modest dignity and affectionate warmth of sentiment, which never fail to extort the praise, and excite the esteem of noble and polished minds.]

*Troy Gaz.*

FUNERAL OF GENERAL FRASER,  
NEAR SARATOGA.

ABOUT sunset the corpse of General Fraser was brought up the hill, attended only by the four officers who had lived in his family. To arrive at the redoubt, it passed within view of the greatest part of both armies. Gen. Philips, General Riedesel, and myself, who were standing together, were struck with the humility of the procession : they, who were ignorant that privacy had been requested by Gen. Fraser, might ascribe it to neglect. We could neither endure that reflection, nor indeed restrain our natural propensity to pay our last attendance to his remains. We joined the procession, and were witnesses of the affecting scene that ensued.

The incessant cannonade during the solemnity ; the steady attitude, and unalterable voice of the chaplin who officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the American artillery threw around us ; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance ; these objects will remain to the last of life on the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness of the evening added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, which would make

one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field ever exhibited.

To the canvass, and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory.

Three methods of lessening the number of Rats.

I. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature hath not made them so, the cook may. Rat pye would be as good as Rook pye : and four tails intertwined like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After a while, they might be declared game by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

II. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities ; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable.

III. Innoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form, as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the Hyenas, Wolves, Jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey.

N. B. If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other renumeration to either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the Editor.

*Athenaeum.*

REMARKS.

He that will live in quiet, must frame himself to three things—to hear, see, and say nothing.

The philosopher Aristotle believed but three things—That which he touched with his hand ; that which he saw with his eyes ; that which he could comprehend in argument.

Three things which cause a man to keep his friends—If he give much ; if he ask little ; if he take nothing.

Three things necessary in a flatterer—An impudent face ; a steadfast colour ; a changing voice.

Trust not three things—Dog's teeth horse's feet ; women's protestations.

Three things are uncertain and inconstant—The favour of princes ; the love of women ; the shining of the sun in April.

There are three very strong things—Gold, for there is no place invincible, wherein an ass laden with gold may enter. Love, because it provoketh us to adventure our goods, life, renown, and all ; Labour, because it overcometh all things.

#### SELECT SENTENCES.

MISTAKES and disappointments fall into the minds of many people, like stones into feathers ; into those of the sanguine they dart like arrows poisoned.

No man, since the deluge, Lady M. W. Montagu observes, was ever *in love* with a woman turned of forty." But there is an attachment which may be formed *after* that period, which contains the best parts of every passion. If they are *not pastorals*, says some one of Pope's, they are something *better*. If the attachment I speak of is not love, it is *something better*. With regard to Ninon l'Enclos, it is but a *solitary exception* to her ladyship's rule ; a sort of *lusus naturae* : Nature is a wag—whimsical, humourous, droll : she diverts herself with making odd creatures, particularly of the human species. In short, we are told of Ninon, being out of

the bounds of reason and nature, methinks will not support an argument.

I pity a *poet's* grief, more than any other man : for his natural warmth, tenderness of sentiment, and liveliness of imagination, give sorrow a power of sinking deeper into his heart, than others can possibly be affected by. When a plain man loses a mistress, wife, or child, or other friend, he laments merely for the loss of so much property. But when these dear connexions are torn off from a person of delicate taste, he feels as if he had lost *part of himself*,—*animæ dimidium*—nay, *worse* ; for the remainder is a *burthen* to him.

How full of exquisite sweetness are those tears which flow from a truly noble heart, at the hearing of any action or conduct, surprisingly great and glorious !

#### SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

On Wednesday morning last, the body of a young man genteely dressed, was found dead on the shore at Wheehawk, near the monument of Gen. Hamilton. Information was immediately given to the Coroner, and the body was conveyed to the city of Jersey, where an inquest was held. On examination, it appeared that he had shot himself through the head with a ball from a large horse pistol, which tore off part of his ear. His name was J. A. Bertell, a foreigner, about the age of twenty years. Two letters were found in his pocket, one addressed to the person who might find his body, the other to a gentleman at Brooklyn. In these letters he signifies his intention of destroying himself—that he was tired of his life—and could not bear the idea of his beloved (whom he styles his Matilda) being in the arms of another. In one of the letters is his will, bequeathing two thirds of his property to Matilda, and the remainder to the family of the gentleman above named. The letters are dated the

27th inst. and it is supposed he perpetrated the horrid deed on that day. On Monday afternoon he was seen near the monument with a book in his hand, and on being observed, drew his hat over his eyes. The book was found on the ground by his side, and was the "Sorrows of Werter." It lay open at the place where Werter writes to Charlotte—

"They are loaded—the clock strike twelve—  
I go

"Charlotte, Charlotte ! Farewell ! Farewell !  
That and several other passages in the book, corresponding with his unhappy situation, were marked by him with a pen.

¶ The office of this publication will be removed during the ensuing week, to No. 2, Hoboken street, running parallel with the new church in Hudson-Square, and two doors North from Greenwich street.

Subscriptions and communications will be received at the usual place, and through the medium of the Post-Office.

#### WANTS A SITUATION.

A middle aged woman, lately from Europe, wishes a situation in a gentleman's family, that would remove into the country, should sickness unfortunately visit the city. Her education and acquirements are respectable ; her attention to the interest of those who would employ her, will be her best recommendation : and she would engage to assist in any business appertaining to a family, except cooking. Apply at this office.

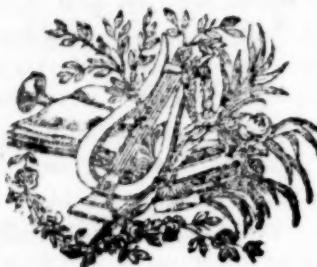
#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.

JOHN BUTLER, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he has opened a store for the manufacture and sale of Musical Wind Instruments, at No. 2, Courtland-street, where he shall always have on hand a variety of PATENT FLAGELLETS, which are so easily played that any lady or gentleman may, in a few lessons, acquire a proficiency. He has also Flutes of the first quality, from 1 dollar to 100 dollars each. Merchants supplied with all kinds of Military Musical Instruments for exportation.

#### B. T. LONGBOTHOM, SURGEON DENTIST.

Late pupil to Mr. Whitewood, of London, OFFERS his services in the line of his profession to the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity. His residence is no. 41 Murray street, where all messages are requested to be left in writing. Mr. L. will attend any lady or gentleman at their own house, and to three families that are numerous, Boarding Schools, or other Seminaries, desirous of his regular attendance, his charges will be more moderate than persons thoroughly conversant with their profession usually make.

His Dentifice, at one dollar per box, with brushes in sets, or otherwise, may be had as above. A reduction of one shilling will be made on each empty box, or brush handle return ed. June 6.



Selected for the *Lady's Miscellany*

MY FATHER.

WHO in my helpless infancy  
Assisted oft to wait on me,  
To ease my mother's arm and knee ?

My Father.

When at my mother's breast I lay,  
Who would attempt in sportive play,  
To make me turn my head away ?

My Father.

Who would not let the servants share  
With Mother her nocturnal care,  
But chose himself that cross to bear ?

My Father.

And when at night I left the breast,  
Who took me on his arm to rest,  
And to his manly bosom prest ?

My Father.

Who, if the Rushlight ceased to glow,  
Would softly down the staircase go  
To fetch another from below ?

My Father.

Who, when for pain I could not rest,  
His tender sympathy exprest,  
And tried each posture for the best ?

My Father.

Who join'd in all my childish plays,  
And in the pleasant summer days,  
Who drew me in my little chaise ?

My Father.

Who lent his cane for me to ride,  
And fix'd my little legs astride,  
And smil'd to see the horseman's pride ?

My Father.

And when the cane had run its course,  
And I grew tir'd of that resource,  
Who bought this pointed rocking-horse ?

My Father.

By converse wise, and manners kind,  
Who help'd to store my opening mind  
With knowledge of the useful kind ?

My Father.

Who was it that with anxious care,  
Forewarn'd me of each dangerous snare,  
Taught how to seek for aid and where ?

My Father.

Shall I not then, from day to day,  
Strive that my future conduct may  
Thy love and tenderness repay,

My Father.

Yes ! I intend, while still a boy,  
My hours of study so to employ  
As to be call'd thy darling joy,

My Father.

And when I shall become a man,  
I'll still pursue the grateful plan  
In every instance where I can,

My Father.

And as thy peaceful end draws near,  
Be it my care thy hours to cheer  
As long as thou continuest here,

My Father.

When Death his pointless arrow tries,  
And summons thee from earth to rise,  
My hand shall close thy long-liv'd eyes,

My Father.

ARABIAN SONG.

COME, maid of Yemen ! sit with me  
Beneath the fragrant almond tree ;  
And shun, within this close retreat,  
The blazing noon-tide's fervid heat.

Waft'st thou a gale of rich perfume  
From drops that pearl the rose's bloom,  
O Zephyr ! 'mid thy blossoms straying  
With Pleasure's sportive daughters playing ?

Or have the village lilies spread  
For panting Love a downy bed,  
Where the fond trembler may repose,  
And steep in ecstasy his woes ?

Or is it Zeineb's softer breast  
On which her lover sinks to rest ;  
And her's the sigh that I inhale,  
The blushing maid of Yemen's vale ?

Or is it some gay child of air,  
Some genie bright, or houri fair,  
With beauties that can never fade,  
Who sits beneath the almond shade ?

Or wakes the nightingale her lay  
Amid her damask biforms so gay,  
To bid the rose no longer weep,  
And charm the lover's cares to sleep.

Or is it Zeineb's fairer form  
That wakes with kisses melting warm,  
And sits and sings the song of glee,  
Beneath the wooing almond tree ?

TRANSLATION OF A LATIN POEM.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE REV. MR.

MADAN.

By Mr. Kirg.

A SURGEON-DENTIST newly starts,  
Who causes great surprise,  
By setting his unrivall'd arts  
Before our wondering eyes.

He scales the teeth, and can at will  
From their own sockets draw ;  
Transplanting them with equal skill,  
Into another's jaw.

The grandam, toothless long before,  
Perceives the springing tooth !  
And seems to be reviv'd once more  
In all the charms of youth.

The grandsire now can talk or eat  
Without his usual pother ;  
And one man takes, to chew his meat,  
The grinders of another.

A num'rous, poor, and hungry pack  
The surgeons door attend ;  
Here stands a collier dy'd in black,  
And there his sooty friend.

The dustmen take an active part  
In this renown'd election ;  
Some that with ashes load the cart,  
Some of an ash complexion.

How oft in such a form uncooth,  
Like gems in darkest mines,  
The thickest, polish'd, ivory tooth,  
In all its lustre shines !

The teeth most perfect and most fair,  
The subtle dentist buys ;  
And justly to the brightest ware  
Assigns the highest prize.

They sell their teeth, and freely sell  
The soundest and the best ;  
No wonder, when they gain so well  
Provision for the rest.

O Doctor, by that single art,  
You render mutual good ;  
For while to food you teeth impart,  
To teeth you furnish food.